The Virtuous MILK-MAID's

GARLAND.

Containing a choice Collection of

NEW SONGS.

I. Giving an Account how a 'Squire fell in Love with a young Milk-maid, with an Account of the 'Squire and the Milk-maid's walking in the Field together; shewing the 'Squire's Rudeneſs, and what happen'd after.

II. How the Milk-maid left him for dead in the Fields, by a Wound ſhe gave him with his Sword for his Lewdneſs: After his Wound was dreſt and no Danger appeared, he ſent for the Milk-maid and commended her for what ſhe had done; and ſet the Day he would marry her, which was done to both their Satisfactions.

III. The Careleſs Lover, with the Anſwer.

IV. The young Man's Complaint of unconſtant *Nancy*

V. A new Song in Praiſe of a contented Mind

Licenced and entered according to Order.

The Virtuous MILK-MAID's Garland, &c.

Giving an Account how a young 'Squire fell in Love with a young Milk-maid.

DRaw near you young lovers, and I'll let you know,
That Love it will creep where it dare not to go;
Young *Cupid* and *Venus* together does play,
One wounds, and the other steals poor Hearts away.
Crying Ah! ah! young Cupid,
Forbear to wound a 'Squire, I am catched in a Snare
For Love has entangled me I do declare.

There was a young 'Squire in *Bloomsbury-square*,
And many young Ladies that loved him dear,
Yet all their Affections were nothing 'tis said,
For he was in Love with a charming Milk-maid.
Crying, Ah! ah! &c.

When first he beheld her, it was on *May-day*,
So neat and so sweet, and so gallant and gay,
She was cloathed in White, with her Ribbons of Green,
She look'd like some Goddess or beautiful Queen.
Which made me cry, Ah! ah! &c.

Young Lovers you see that your Fortune is so,
That *Cupid* he wounds both the High and the Low;
He makes you submit to his quiv'ring Strings.
He conquers the Hearts of both Princes and Kings,
And makes them cry, Ah! ah! &c.

So was this young 'Squire of *Bloomsbury-square*,
Both *Cupid* and *Venus* were catch'd in a Snare;
For *Venus* had conquer'd him with her sweet Charms,
And *Cupid* had wounded him in *Venus's* Arms.
Crying, Ah! ah! &c.

Young

Young *Cupid*, the blind Boy, hath wounded me ſo,
And *Venus*, his Mother, ſhe'll not let me go;
So that I'm entangled, young Lovers, you ſee,
There's nothing but Death or true Love ſets us free.
Crying, Ah! ah! &c.

Pride and Ambition my Heart to enſnare
That there was no Lad with me could comp,
But in my own Coin now I deeply am paid,are
And Love hath entangled with a Milk-maid
Crying, Ah! ah! &c.

Young *Suſan*, and *Betty* and beautiful *Kate*,
Theſe Ladies of Fame I have ſlighted of late,
But ſince I have ſlighted them trapan'd I am,
And catch'd in a Snare with our Milk-maid ſweet Ann
Crying, Ah! ah! &c.

As he was making his pitiful Moan,
The Damſel came by with a pretty ſoft Tone,
Do you want any Milk, Mrs. *Betty*, ſhe ſaid,
Yes, yes, ſaid the 'Squire, come in pretty Maid,
Crying Ah! ah! dear Creature, ſaid he,
Pray now pity me I am wounded you ſee.

The Milk-maid's Anſwer.

FOrbear, noble 'Squire, the Damſel ſhe cry'd,
You are but in jeſt, I am well ſatisfy'd;
Beſides, there are beautiful Ladies enow,
But I am a poor Damſel brought up from the Cow
Crying, Ah! ah! young 'Squire,
Forbear my Heart to enſnare,
I am a poor Milk-maid, and you a 'Squire.

Beſides, noble 'Squire, I muſt tell you plain,
There is no believing nor truſting young Men;
For they will deceive us with their flattering Tongue
When our Hearts they have enſnar'd, then from us they run
Which makes me to cry, young 'Squire, &c.

Ne'er

Ne'er leave me, my Dear, I'll constant remain,
The Thoughts of false Love I scorn and disdain;
May I bid all Pleasure for ever adieu,
My Dear, if ever I prove false unto you.
Then do not cry, Ah! ah! &c.

With tender Affections she freely comply'd,
Thou art my Jewel, the 'Squire he cry'd;
Then into her Arms he like Lightning did fly,
My Heart is your own, and shall be till I die.
Then do not cry, Ah! ah! &c.

A Ring from his Finger he immediately took,
And just in the Middle the same he straight broke;
With Hugging and Kissing in each other's Arm
They both were possess'd with sweet raptures of charms'
Crying, Ah! ah! &c.

The very next Morning he went to her straight,
Where a Piece of a Tragedy I shall relate;
They both went a Walking towards *Black-mary's hole*
Were with the poor Damsel the 'Squire grew bold,
Crying, Ah! ah! &c.

Well now, quoth the 'Squire, 'tis but in vain,
My Dear, I do burn with a secret Flame;
Therefore, my dear Life' pray now grant me my will
And I will prove constant to my Jewel still.
Crying, Ah! ah! &c.

Which Bliss, my dear Jewel, if you will grant,
No costly rich Robes, nor no money shall want
And if that you will not, here in this wide Field,
I'll force you, and afterwards I will you kill.
Crying Ah! ah! &c.

With that she fell upon her bare Knees,
And weeping, she cry'd out, Pray, Sir, pity me;
You promis'd me I should be your Lawful Wife,
I'll ne'er be Whore, I will first loose my Life.
Crying, Ah! ah! &c.

T

The Damsel long striving, at Length she got free
And cat'h'd up his Rapier there immediately;
And with it she pierc'd the young' Squire through,
Then Home to her Master like lightning she flew.
Crying, Ah ah! young Squire, &c.

She told him the story with tears in her eyes,
Dear Master I have murder'd the, Squire, she cry'd:
Upon my poor body he grew very bold,
I left nim a bleedin in *Black-mary's-hole.*
Crying, Ah! ah! young' Lovers' &c'

I'll leave her lamenting with pitiful Moin;
Unto the young Spuire now will I return;
His coach was got ready, and soon was brought Home,
And Surgeons We are sent for to dresst up his Wound,
Crying, Ah! ah! &c,.

His wound being dresst, and laid in his bed,
He call'd to His Servant, and thus to him said,
Go seek for that beautiful Damsel so fair,
Any body she has wounded, his Heart his ensnar'd.
Crying, Ah! ah! &c.

They soon found the Damsel as trembling she came,
Ne'er fear my Dear Jewel, with me here remain;
The Wound that you gave me it was my own Fault,
Oh! let not the Rudeness remain in your thought.
Crying Ah! ah! &c.

The Wound that you gave me, the Surgeons do say,
I soon will be well; therefore Dearest I pray,
Grant me but some Balsam to cure that great Smart
That now lies a bleeding upon my poor Heart.
Crying, Ah! ah! &c.

Forbear, noble, Squire, forbear, said she,
And make not your Pastime of my Poverty.
The Wound that you gave me has pierced me through,
May it Prove my Ruin if I prove untrue.
Crying, Ah! ah! &c.

With

These Protestations she soon did comply,
My Days will be happy, the' Squire did cry,
The Time was appointed, and marry'd they were,
The beautiful Milk-maid and the young 'Squire.

Crying. Ah! ah! young Virgins you see,
If you virtuous be, with right Honesty,
you may be advanced to some high Degree.

The careless Lover.

EVERY Morning, when Beauty renew,
Let me go where I will I have Sweet hearts enough
I pipe and I tabor, I dance and I sing,
And I'll be as merry as the Birds in the Spring:
For while I am single, I am free from all Care,
And I mind Love no more then the Birds of the Air

Dear Madam, my Love is entirely true,
For if I could but gain that sweet Favour of you
My Favour, kind Sir, you shall never obtain
Your Frown's ne'er shall kill me with cruel Disdain:
For while I am single, &c.

I value not Cupid, nor his flaming Dart,
I bid, him Defiance, I will mind him no more;
I will bid him Defiance, for wounding my Heart:
I will mind him no more then the Fish on the Shore,
For while I am single, I am free from all Care,
And I mind Love no more than the Birds of the Air.

The Answer.

FAIR Maid talk no more so, if Cupid should wound
your Heart with his dart, he'll your senses confound
And make you humble unto Bow,
Though you the Power Love did neve know:
Then be not so fickle to range like the Wind,
But unto one Sweetheart, always inclin'd.

So

So pray now forbear, and do not disdain,
He'll turn all your Pleasure to Anguish and Pain;
Though you rove and range like Birds in the Air,
The Birds with the young Men are not to compare:
Then be not fickle &c.

For if that you slight them, they'll slight you again;
They'll grieve at your pleasure, and laugh at your pain.
And thus in sad Torments you rable about,
In hopes every Day a new Love to find out.
Then be not so fickle, &c.

But young Cupid's Arrow of temper'd Steel,
Will pierce you quite through, you can't it conceal:
The Flames of your Love to such Passion will burn
Then into Distraction soon after you'll run.
Then be not so fickle to change as the Wind,
But unto one Sweetheart be always inclin'd.

The young Man's Complaint of unconstant Nancy.

OH! gentle Cupid take my part,
And pierce false Nancy to the Heart
That she may feel the Grief and Wo,
The Love of her I undergo.

But now alas! with Grief I say,
She stole my Heart and gone astray;
A thousand Times to me she swore,
She would be true for evermore.

But let her feel the ragin Pain,
The Love of her I do sustain;
Then sure she will more gentle be
And soon repent her Cruelty.
But since she will no Pity take,
I will go wander for her Sake;

I'll rauge the Woods and ſhady Groves,
And bid adieu to my falſe Love.

But ſince ſhe is falſe whom I adore,
I'll never love a Woman more;
But on my Spinnet I'll ſing and play,
That my falſe Heart is gone aſtray.

A New Song in Praiſe of a contented Mind.

NO Glory I covet, no Riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me;
The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
Is a Mind Independent and free.
Is a Mind Independent and free.

With paſſion unruffled, untainted with Pride,
By reaſon my Life let me ſquare;
The Wants of my Nature are chiefly ſupply'd,
And the Reſt are but folly and Care.

The Bleſſings which Providence freely has lent,
I'll Juſtly and gratefuly prize;
While ſweet Meditation and ſolid Content,
Shall make me both healthy and wiſe.

In the Pleaſures the great Man's Poſſeſſion diſplay,
Unenvy'd I'll challange my Part;
For every fair Object my Eyes can ſurvey
Contributes to gladden my Heart.

How vainly through infinite Trouble and Care,
The many their Labours Employ?
Since all that is truly delightful in Life,
All but Slaves, if they will, may enjoy:

FINIS